GLORY OF A MAN AND HORSE

FIGHTEEN DAYS OF TRIUMPH ON COUNTRY ROADS. "That's Teddy Boosevelt," Said Some Pec-

Others; but It Was Only a Citizen Enjoying a Vacation in an Unusual Manner. A man riding through the country on horseback is as much of a curiosity in this year 188 as a man spinning about on a blevele or one rolling along in a horseless carriage would have been thirty years ago. A horseman may amble and canter about a public park or anythere in the suburbs of a city and attract lit-Ge notice, no matter how admirable in gait and appearance the horse may be or how skilful the rider. If the borseman have a gun and dog slong, some ostensible purpose in his esting, he is also comparatively free from nobut just let him have saddlebags, no atlepdant, no visible object of pursuit, and no seming reason for hurry or quest of any ked, and he becomes the cynosure of all A man just back from an eighteen days' pur of the country, which he elected to take astride of and in company with a favorite borse, has many things to tell of the interest he excited as he rode along on his very innomight have gone awheel over a good part of reached only by stage and are off the line of allway travel, but he prefers a living, flesh and blood steed, especially one known to and a sympathy with him, to the swiftest and most accurate of mechanical coursers. So he and the horse went off together in search of new scenes of inspiration and left a trail of agitated interest behind. And this was a

knowing, sensitive horse, three-quarters thor-

sughbred and the other quarter pure Ameri-

and appreciation of things and people.

"I should say now that this here fellow"slap of approval on the bay's sleek, back "bad heard a lot of cannonadin' since the spring set in," would be a farmer's remark in fondly admiring tones, as he led the shapely Ben out of the farm stable that had sheltered Nim over night and headed him for the onward course, and that astute animal wouldn't shake his head one bit in denial, or turn a hair in relutation, although he knew well enough that he hadn't spent a night out of comfortoble New York quarters or been for a single moment in voluntary danger since he could remember. His master stood by and gave no sign. The hero's most telling equipment is silence rugged, unapproachable silence, and though this old farmer and the farmer on the other side of him and the one next shead of him, to be encountered presentwere each and all burning? with curiosity to hear all about the campaign and the experiences that they were sure this travelling cavalryman had gone through in defence of his and their country, the man and the horse kept the secret to themselves, partly through indolence and partly because they knew it pleased their simple-hearted entertainers to feel that they were rubbing down and watering and tending to a soldier's horse and meeting face to face a stalwart defender of the ountry, who could, if he would, tell wondrous tales of battle and derring-do.

"It's a mighty long time since ever I see a man go through this country on horseback." said a hearty, happy-faced haymaker, who had come to the roadside in order to get_a_closer view of this strange couple. "I see a man in a buggy or a road cart sometimes goin' along giving out circulars or sellin' something or other, but I don't remember hearin' of any body just a-goin' pleasurin' days together on a horse since I was a boy, and I'm gettin' on toward sixty."

"You see plenty of people on wheels?" in guired the travellor, who had courted the old farmer's advice and direction as to finding a suitable horseshoer to look after Ben's feet. and so wanted to repay, his courtesy in kind.

'Oh, yes." was the answer, "Nearly every family about here's got a wheel or two for the young folks, and they junket about back and forth on them considerable. But even the young fellows who go sparking the girls nowadays don't go on horseback any, and ain't been a-goin' that way for a long time. A man startin' out to go anywhere about these parts harnesses up and drives; he doesn't make a dash and gallop for it as people used to. Horse back ridin' is clean out of fashion, and it the better for it. They don't stand up straight and square and noticeable like the old-time sportin' fellows did. They hoop over buggy or on a wheel or on these plantin' and reapin' machines they drive round the fleids in, and it don't seem as good for them as sittin' in a saddle with nothin' to lean back and the feel of the stirrups and the motion of the horse to put life in 'em. It does me good o see a well-favored young man like you come o see a well-favored young man like you come at this had square in favor of a horse without buggy or a cart nitched to him to carry a erson about like he was a baic of goods."

This vacation on horseback began and ended a kew York city and included a tour of Long sland from end to end and a zigzag efreuit arough the State of Connecticut, reached by sat from Sag Harbor to New London. The lifer got some inkling of the interest he might active on lower Fifth avenue as he journeyed lown toward the ferry for Brooklyn, whence a meant to reach Garden City. He was in ordinary riding dress, with a campaign hat, legne meant to reach Garden City. He was in or-dinary riding dress, with a campaign hat, leg-gings, and other comfortable spicintments. In his saddichags were fieldglasses, some simple writing and toilet appliances, and a few ladistensable articles allowing of change of apparel. Other lurgage he had sent by ex-press ahead of him to a certain hotel on the route mapped out. Whether it was the sad-dichags, the color and texture of his trousers smuch like the uniform of the rough riders), or the style and mettle of his horse that rivetted attention—necone on all sides eyed him as

Roosevelt, certain, sure! See his glasses and them there fine leggings!"
Whereupon everyhody looked at the innocent
whereupon everyhody looked at the innocent
much-needed vacation and the boys, and the
men as well, got as close to the horse as they
you'd and tried to stare him, too, out of counbeanne.

tenance.

A New York crowd is always looking for a sensation: it will be different when we get out in the country." the horseman said to our in the country in the horseman said to himself with a reassuring stroke of his horse's mane, and the steed took like comfort to his soul and gave over fretting at the unwonted notice he excited.

he excited. I wasn't different when they got out in

the excited, it wasn't different when they got out in ountry. To use the vacation taker's Expression, if he had had an advertising of hitched onto him before and behind I worn an illuminated lautern for a hat, ried a gay atriped umbrella with some-soaking powder or insect exterminator ed in fancy letters over the surface, he not have attracted more notice. The stroad book, kept informally, but with a to fixing localities and distances in his, reads in places like this:

It Norwich Sunday about 12 noon and to at Brooklyn (Connecticut) at 7 P. M. ity-six miles. Had a smile on the way a bretty girl on a farmhouse plazza, and a minute she darted indoors and brought hree more girls and two chapples—whom is to be boarders—and an elderly woman ok. Word must have got out as to my loss and two upper shutters were flashed simultaneously and other psonie looked seping over each other's shoulders, rooklyn, a fine old town, secluded, dignistants stately trees and mansions suggestive of stors and something to live up to.

style, a line old town, secluded, digni-ciely trees and mansions suggestive of s and something to live up to, at a hotel outposite the field where unam left his plough that day he got the battle of Lexington. The atten-tracted on the outskirts of the village rode up to the hotel and dismounted carriety have been exceeded if I had a shade of Putham himself raised up past?

One of the Rough Riders," Said

Chiefly because I like my horse and like to

"Chiefly because I like my horse and like to ride and empty seeing out-of-the-way places and being off guard and to myself," was the answer given to such inquirers. "It rests me better than anything else to go on a tour like this away from trains and trolleys and all the formalities and conventionalities that I live among all the rest of the year. An intelligent horse is the most deelle and amiable of companions if you treat him right and is spirited enough to give variety on occasion. You can talk to him all you want, and although he may not concur in all you say, he is apt to be indulgent and seldom answers back."

"But a wheel is swifter, less trouble to take care of, and more convenient all round. Besides, I should think you would get frightfully tired," was one protest put forward.

"When I got irred I rest," was the answer, but horseback riding instead of being monotonous is to me a varied exercise and I can see the landscape and objects both near and far off much better from a horse's back than when wheeling. On a wheel my thoughts are intent on steering it and on the rapidity of motion. When riding horseback you can trust things a good deal to the animal's sense of fitness, if he has been well trained and has good qualities. Riding a wheel is a selfish diversion compared with riding a horse, for you have always the horse to think for and he repays consideration in many ways that strengthens your interest and wins you to him. You can keep your wheel clean and it shines and runs well and, is a credit to you.

repays consideration in many ways that strengthens your interest and wins you to him. You can keep your wheel clean and it shines and runs well and is a credit to you, but it can't look at you eloquently, asked to be noticed and show appreciation when you come near, as a horse does.

"No," says hen's master, "I never took a trip through the country on horseback before and I never heard of any one who did it here in the East, although there may be many; and I never lived on a ranch or in the saddle as the countrymen out West do. I am essentially a city man with strong instincts for the country and all that the country meams. I live in the country half the year, but am in town at work the great part of each day. Although my trip excited so much notice I am in high good humor with it, and the next time I want a rest from office cares and a complete turn-about mentally I shall take Ben on a boat somewhere to a totally different part of the Middle or New England States and create another stir. Maybe, then, there won't have been a war just over to prompt the people's imaginations concerning envalymen, and that will ease un some of the questioning and shut off one stimulus to conclusions."

Unlike his friend and master, Ben doesn't show any sunburn as a result of his recent adventures and makes no references to the trip even when urged to; but if any one slaps him on the back, farmer fashion, and says, 'this here old fellow's heard a deal of cannonadin' I take it, since the spring set in'' his slender ears are thrown back knowingly and a quiver goes over his sleek sides that might well be interpreted as laughter. Ben loves a joke and has as much appreciation for it as for his home quarters and the praise and petting he gets as his just reward.

FOUR CONGRESS VETERANS.

Reed, Ketchum, Harmer and Cannon Likely

Thomas B. Reed was reclected to the Fiftysixth Congress in the First Maine district at the recent State election in the Pine Tree State, and John H. Ketchum of Dover Plains, Alfred C. Harmer of Philadelphia and Joseph G. Canon of Danville have recently been renominated by the Republicans in their respective districts. all three of which are overwhelmingly Republican. These four Congressmen-Reed Ketchum, Harmer and Cannon-are the four veterans of the Congressional service.

Mr. Reed was originally chosen to the Fortyfifth Congress, and he has been elected successively to ten Congresses since without a break invariably carrying the Portland district, and has gained a distinction which has ed to the Speakership for him when the Republican party was in the majority and the eadership of the Republican minority in the House when it was not.

Gen. Ketchum, who represents the Dutchess county district of New York, has not had so easy a Congressional record. He was a memher of the State Senate when the civil war broke out, and he entered the Union Army as a Colonel. He continued at the front until meanwhile elected to Congress, taking his seat on March 4, 1835, the day of the second inauguration of Lincoln. He was subsequently elected for three terms from his district, and was a candidate for reflection for a fourth in 1872. He then became, unwittingly, no doubt, the victim of a condition of things which, besides being exceptional, was certainly most unsatisfactory. The year 1872 was one of great triumph of the Republican party. Horace Greeley was the Democratic candidate for President, and the success of Republican candidates generally was regarded as sure. In the Dutchess county district, then made up of Dutchess and Columbia counties, there was resident John O. Whitehouse, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, who determined to be a Congressman whatever it cost. He had the means to indulge in his ambition, and id so at the expense of Gen. Ketchum, his Republican opponent. The battle between the Republicans and the Democrata in this district is admitted generally to have been without precedent in the amount of money spent, and a wholesale corruption of the electorate in these two counties involved an expenditure generally put at \$250,000. At the election preceding the Republicans carried the district by 2,300 plurality, and on the tidal wave of success in 1812 mayority of 3,500 or more would not have been regarded as abnormal. But by reason of the prodigal expenditure of money to promote Mr. Whitehouse's canvass both counties were carried by the Democrata, and Mr. Whitehouse had a majority in excess of 900 votes, den. Retchum after his defeat retired to Washington, where he was Commissioner of the District of Columbia from July, 1874, to July, 1877. He was next elected to the Forty-fifth Congress and was redected for seven terms consecutively. Then he retired in consequence of impaired health, but resumed his Congress in a district which is overwhelmingly flexible and the first of Pennsylvania was representative, has served thirteen terms in Congress in a district which is overwhelmingly Republican. He was Recorder of Deeds before being elected to Congress, on March 4, 1865, the day of the second inauguration of Lincoln. He was subsequently elected for three terms from his district, and

THREE BOYS ON A DRAG. ers-On in South Street.

A sight that interested people in lower South street the other day was that of three boys going down the street in tow of a big wagon on a drag made of the matting that comes around tea chosts, dates and such things. The boys had tied an end of this mat to one of the springs of the waron, and then they sat on the mat and let the wagon draw them.

The boys stuck to it grimly, and as long as the mat didn't wear through they were all right. One boy that got too near the edge came in contact with the pavement and was drawn off by it, but he jumped up quickly and threw himself on the mat again. When the vagon to which this draw was attached approached the vorice at the feet of Whitchall street, the boss of the drag cast off the tow line; and the queer craft was thus left behind in the comparatively safe waters of South around tea chosts, dates and such things.

own prescriptions yesterday, and twice I was on the sve of lying outright and owning to having been in the army just to please and get rid of the questioners, bent on having personal reminiscences of the Cuban bout. Find that the saddlebags chafe Ben a little, so I shall leave them here and substitute a game bag or package to be carried in front of me. Presume now I will be taken for a peddler. It seems next door to impossible to get it through anybody's head that a man may be riding on horseback solely for pleasure, but, however I am taken or mistaken, it is worth all the staring and gaping to see a section of country like this, as I am seeing it. Ben likes it, too. He has never done any work as resular as this, but when he climbs up to the top of a steep hill, and I give,him the sign to stop, he lifts his head and, looks out over the scene, too, and I believe, derives instiration."

In regard to another town where Ben was put up in a comfortable stable, shady and quiet, while his master played golf with old irlends, comes the remark that although none of these up-to-date, conventional people stared or drew inferences from his having journeyed thither on horseback, instead of arriving on a wheel or by rail or other usual mode of locometion, all were interested concerning his trip and did not conceal a desire to know how he came to hit upon that plan of travel.

"Chiefly because I like my horse and like to whose the bodsteats are baller to one there next whose the bodsteats are baller none there next whose the bodsteats are baller none there next to the furniture and the got no chance to come out again.

"That's a peculiar house," said the concrined to know this street pretty well in the year and a half since we've been building down here, and that house there next to the furniture shop is by far the oddest."—

but just then a wagoner approached with a bill to be-settled, and the clerk had to go inside: applicants for orders and the adjustment of business followed so thick and fast on each other's heels that he

"That's a peculiar house-the one there ner to where the bedsteads are being painted," said the teamster, who had just let down an extra heavy load of granite blocks from his cart, and was about to settle himself for a smoke on one of the great beams beside the curbstone Hardly, however, had he got the words out and drawn his pipe from his pocket, when some aggravating urchins began playing pranks with his horses and he had to be up and after them.

"That's a peculiar house—the one there next to the blue one," said the postman, as he paused at the little window of the caboose to shout in that somebody owed him two cents. 'You don't see any difference between it and the other tenements? Maybe not, but there is. It's the oddest house on my beat. And there ain't another like it on any delivery that goes out from my station. They're all queer, perhaps, to a person that ain't used to them but that's the oddest of the lot. There ain't a child in it, from top to bottom, and that's sayin' a good deal down in this part of town.

You look at the adjacent house steps and cellar steps, alleyways and front windows literally swarming with children, at the street and sidewalk bristling with them, and are con that shelters no child in any one of its rooms or in any one of its five floors or in the cellar, is a none-such. No wonder it is held up as a noted street mark worthy of record and re-

"How did it manage to be so different?" ask the postman, an alert public servant with the ability to deliver salutation and letters in many tongues and keep his wits and good nature about him in the midst of conditions and questionings trying to any man that would drive the orthodox, non-committal up town postman distracted.

"I don't know myself how it is done," he answers, laughing. "I guess the housekeep-er's in the secret. She and her old man are down on children and the litter and confusion that they make. No, they don't ask no higher rent for the rooms-they ask enough in all conscience for rooms in any one of these houses down here-but the house agent never objects to anything they do or any rules they make, so they keep the rooms rented and its got to be known around that people with chil-Some folks who like to get rid of the noise and confusion in the other houses try to get in there as soon as there's a chance. You see children make a lot of bickering, not so much between themselves as between the mothers, carrying tales and making jealous feelings. Then they spill water everywhere and carry in dirt and stick chewing gum and candy all over the halls, and the janitor has to keen some-body constantly on the watch up on the roof seeing that they don't fall over, and down in the yard seeing that they don't fall over, and down in the yard seeing that they don't waste water and get into mischlef. As the housekeener says, a few young ones is one thing and a whole turn, a regiment of them is another. And once you let one batch in, they whole swarm comes. Children don't even go to that house visiting much, unless they slip in with grown folks holding them right by the hand. There's a school next door, one of those little Hebrew church schools, and it makes me laugh to see the wide berth the children give that No. 816 door as they go by it, goin' and comin'. They know it ain't healthy for them to look in, because the housekeeper keeps on the watch all the time and she's got two single living old women, flower makers, in the lower front room on the street to help her keep an eye out for what is going on.

"That room up there where you see the and confusion in the other houses try to get

room on the street to help her keep an eye out for what is going on.

"That room up there where you see the canary bird and the parrot in the window is a bachelor's quarters. He's a wine taster and has that room and the little one next to it. His business makes him crusty, constantly tasting, you know, and never swallowing, and he hates a child worse than poison. They sag he belongs to high people over in Jew-Germany or Jew-Poland or wherever he lived, but is kind of down on his luck here and all he joes out of work hours is to fool with that parrot and read the foreign papers. It's a pretty smart parrot and you see her cage is fine. The children in the blue house and the one across the street—there's twenty-two families in

imany or Jew-Foliand or wherever he lived, but it is Rind of down on his time three and his to Rind of down on his took lives the his down on his took lives a pretty for the history of t

His Widow's Effort to Make Cedar Hill Fitting Memorial to Him

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.-Mrs. Helen Douglass. widow of Frederick Douglass, is thoroughly in earnest in her desire to have the body removed from Rochester, where it rests by the side of his first wife, and bring it to Washington for burial at Cedar Hill, the Dougass homestead.

The children of the colored educator opposit this idea, however, and strenuously insist that their father's body shall remain at Rochester, where he spent twenty-five years of his life and where they were raised.

A talk with Mrs. Douglass developed the fact hat the removal of the body is only one feature of a very broad purpose to perpetuate the memory of her husband by the establishment f an association to be known as the Frederick Douglass Memorial Historical Association Her ideas contemplate not only the creation of a memorial out of Cedar Hill, but also the erection of a monument to her dead husband. Cedar Hill is a beautiful tract of land located

in Anacostia, a suburb of the national capital. The hill rises abruptly from the street and is studded with cedar and chestnut tress. An old colonial mansion can be plainly seen from the street. It was here that Frederick Douglass established his home soon after coming to Washington, and here he lived with his first as a particularly dark-skinned woman, with all the characteristics of her race. The day of her funeral the gossips freely predicted that Donglass would not delay in choosing another wife, but no one was prepared for the announce ment that his second wife was white.

The old man's action met with no commen dation from his sons, one of whom at the time was already past the prime of life. Their mother was buried in Graceland Cemetery in Washington, and there remained until the cemetery was condemned.

Adjoining Cedar Hill resided Col. Pitts, his wife, and two nieces. One of the latter was a clerk in the Becorder of Deed's office in Washington and the Recorder was Frederick Doug-lass. She often worked for the white-haired, kind-hearted old man and grew to love him. She was not a young girl, but a woman of education and unusual intelligence. She did not fear the comments of the public when her marriage to Frederick Douglass was anounced, and she went to live with him at Cedar Hill. Her uncle, on the adjoining property, refused to speak to her, so great was his indignation at her action. Mrs. Helen Douglass thought only of the wishes of her husband and hers was a genuine grief when he died.

lass thought only of the wishes of her husband, and hers was a genuine grief when he died. The Sun reporter was present the morning after his death and was met by Mrs. Douglass, who at that time had already conceived a desire to perpetuate his memory in some way. Her desire soon formulated itself into a definite purpose. "I wanted something to be done by which the people would have something truly typical of his life," she said recently. "I wanted a monument. Not one with broken chains and kneeling slaves, but something that would exemplify achievement. I wanted to devote Cedar Hill to that purpose." Mrs. Douglass related the struggle she had to get possession of the homestead and how at last she triumphed. Mr. Douglass had made a will leaving Cedar Hill and its contents to her entirely. Only a picture of himself was exempted, and that went to a daughter. It was discovered, however, that the will was witnessed by only two persons, and this invalidated it so far as it concerned the transfer of real property in the District of Columbia. This meant a division of the property among the heirs and Mrs. Douglass had only a dower right in it. "I tried to purchase the rights of the others. Meanwhile, my one great plan depended entirely on my life. If I died the entire property went to the children, and my purpose to perpetuate the memory of Frederick Douglass would perish only a dower rights of the others. Meanwhile, my one great plan depended entirely on my life. If I died the entire property went to the children, and my purpose to perpetuate the memory of Frederick Douglass would perish with me. Finally I secured the share of Mrs. Riosetta Sprague, the daughter. All this time my purpose was well defined and unsiterable. Next I purchased the share of Charles Douglass, and then being possessed of a half interest I appealed to the courts for a partition of the property. It was put up at auction, the red flag was hing out, and the auctioner's bell sounded. My bidders bought it for me, and then I stood possessed of that which was necessary for my plan. I wanted every inch of the ground, because he had cherished it all."

Mrs. Douglass spoke of a little brick house in the grounds which had long been used by Mr. Douglass as a library. "You see, he used to go there to study and write. He was free from interruptions. The building, with its quaint fireplace and ity-covered walls, is undisturbed, and will form a part of the memorial which is to be provided for by the association."

A bill has already been prepared for the incorporation of the Frederick Douglass Memorial and Historical Association, and was introduced at the last Congress by Senator Gallinger. It was referred to the Committee on the District Commissioners will be consulted about it. The incorporators are Mrs. Helen Douglass, William H. H. Hart, Francis J. Grimke, Sarah Blackail, and Edward A. Clarke.

Mrs. Douglass explained the details of her pupple of the United States become patrons and natronesses by subscribing \$\$6\$ each. Cedar

DESERTED BRONX PARK.

A MISTERY WHY SO FEW PEOPLE

Those Who Do Go Not Auxious to Have the

Park Overrun with Visitors, So Seldom Speak of the Bronx's Beauty to Strangers, Although Pitying Their Ignorance. Nobody knows why so few persons go out to Bronx Park, Those who do not go never trouble themselves to find a reason. Those who do go can never tell why they are the only ones. It is a mystery all around. But the true lovers of the Bronx don't care how much mystery there is, so long as the growd stays

away from their happy hunting grounds. Some persons have an Alice-in-Wonderland standard. They always try a few Alice quotations on a new candidate for friendship and. if there is an answering gleam of delight-behold! it is settled. The friendship is a go. It is a case of kindred souls. And that's the way it is with the Bronx. The average New Yorker hears very little about the Bronx, and there is a mighty good reason for this silence. Among the men and women who have tasted the joys of a day out there there is a tacit understanding that mum is the word when it comes to letting the multitude into the secret They don't worry about the great unwashed, but they feel a deep scorn and pity for the great un-Bronxed.

In spite of the pity mum continues to be the word. The man who has staked out cer tain dim recesses among the Bronx hemlocks and has treasured the knowledge of them as it they contained buried gold is not going lightly to invite everybody and his brother-or worse his sister-to share the secret. A true lover o the Bronx is as jealous as all true lovers are He wants to be pretty sure of his man befor he takes him into his confidence, and when he does make the plunge and finds, as he some times does, that the other man is just as big an enthusiast as he bimself is, then there is season of rapture. Perhaps it goes even t the point of swapping information about out of-the-way nooks discovered by one and no known to the other. That is a mark of esteem not to be surpassed. Putting up a man a

not to be surpassed. Putting up a man at one's club is nothing to it.

To lovers of the Broax an article publicly calling attention to its delights will seem almost an unpardonable sin. There is only one excuse for it. The great un-Broaxed who read this now will think it is too late to go this year. As for next spring, they will have forgotten all about the place before that time, so no harm will be done.

this now will think it is too late to go this year. As for next spring, they will have forgotten all about the place before that time, so no harm will be done.

Nevertheless, in a whisper let it be announced that it is not too late to go this year. A warm, dry October day out there in the woods is, with due regard to the force of the adjective, simply heavenly. Last Sunday was such a day. And yet the wanderers under the trees were so few that the squirrels couldn't get over the surprise of seeing them and chased indignantly from tree to tree scoiding until the woods rang. With a little care one could wander through the woods all day and not meet a soul. Even when one went swinging slown the main path to an alfresco dinner at Williamsbridge, encounters with men and women were fewer than those with the squirrels and cateroillars and frogs.

On a reedy point down by the water one man was prowling, stick in hand. From time to time he became violent and thrashed the grass and mud. Then the attack subsided and a disabled frog found its way to the man's coat pockets. When the frog hunter found that he was observed he struck a careless attitude and gazed serenely at the trees and the water as if he had never had a thought for anything less resthetic than the beauties of nature. He kept the pose wretty well until there was a stirring among the reeds beside him. Then he wriggled uneasily. Another stir. Out of the corner of his eye he verilied his snapicion. Another stir. That was too much. Thrashi thrash! thrash! As the man put another frog latto his bulging pockets he looked around sheepishly and resumed his cavy pose.

At the turn beyond the bridge there came the sound of distant singing, a sound which came nearer and nearer until eight or ton young men, evidently members of some German singing society, swung by with rhythmic step in time to a German folksong. It was bridge is practically a Franco-German village, with the accent on the Franco. It is ten years or more since Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith increased the spread of

little river in an old flat-bottomed boat and, if of the artist species, pitch an umbrella tent on the sleepy bank of the stream.

Even to this day the stranger's first inquiry is for Laguerre's. It is still in a state of semi-existence, but the Raines law, or the hard times, or something, or many things, have proved almost too much for Laguerre's. It you go on a Sunday you may apply there in vain. Only the melancholy wreck of a former garden remains to hint of good times gone by. At least, so it was not long ago. But there are other places where one can have the same kind of a time; where the big back yard runs down to the sluggish stream, where screens of bushes and vines divide the piace into half. of a time; where the big back yard runs down to the sluggish stream, where screens of bushes and vines divide the place into half-private rooms, rooms with the blue October sky for ceiling and green leaves for wails.

The people who rave and tear their half over the bugaboo of the Continental Sunday would find a surprise at a place like this. There is no Concy Island hurly-burly about it. The best kind of quiet pervades the whole place; a quiet which is only made sweeter by the occasional laughter of a child from behind one of the leafy screens. The Bronx evidently appeals to families. Not to the families of "messy" children, slatternly women and flushy men, such as one sees at many of the beach resorts, but to the gentle, well-bred and, res, well-dressed poorle, whose souls may not be more immortal, but whose manners are much more agreeable.

From the American Agriculturist, Building up a successful dairy business, en-

larging a farm of 80 to 207 acres and equipping it with large and comfortable buildings been accomplished by J. W. Smith o Litchfield, Conn., inside of ten years. The imhere the upper part being from a photograph

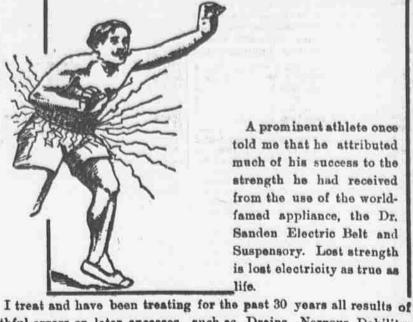


last fall. He began with a few head of good cows and gradually increased. Butter is the main product soid from the farm.

The wonderful cow which, with her four helfer calves, is now attracting so wide attention among cattle fanciers, was raised by Christian Blystone of Cambridgo Seriugs, Pa., and was owned by him up to a short time after giving birth within a few hours to four helfer calves. The calves were born May U. 1807, and were sired by a Shorthorn bull. The mother is half Holstein and half Durham and the color of the Holstein. At present she is 8 years old, weighs 1360 pounds, and is in fair condition. She continued to give milk up to July 20, 1848. After the birth of the calves she gave sufficient milk to raise all of them up to wearing time. Exhibition at many fairs had a



tendency to decrease the flow of milk, but the cow proved herself a wonderful milker. Throughout the winter the calves had a light feed of grain, and at 304 days of age the combined weight of the four was 1.830 bounds, there being not 10 pounds difference in their individual weights. At present they weigh just about 2.000 pounds and are as large as the average yearling. So near alike are they in all particulars that even those who are best acquainted with them cannot tell one from another. In color they are a light red, yellowish shade, each having only a little white spot on the belly with no other marks, and nover did four animals have features and disjustions more nearly alike. On March 15 they were nurchased by their present owner, W. L. Mitchell of Erie county. Pa. formerly of Bridgeport. Conn. He is exhibiting this wonderful quartet at the New England fairs this fail.



WEAK MEN

youthful errors or later excesses, such as Drains, Nervous Debility. Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele, etc. I use only the galvanic current of electricity, because I know it to be the only remedy. Why, last year I cured at least 95 per cent. of all cases treated by me, when there was a foundation left to build upon. Don't drug your life away. but use nature's own simple restorer. Currents from my belt are instantaneously felt. Put it on when you go to bed, wear it all night. That's the way to use it. That's the way to bring new life back into your debilitated system. Write for my free book, "Three Classes of Men." It explains all, and is sent in plain sealed envelope. Or drop in and consult me free of charge.

DR. G. T. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE OMISH OF PENNSYLVANIA. A Sect of Strict Religion, Simple Ways, and Worldly Prosperity.

CHUBCHTOWN, Pa., Oct. 8.-The theatre or church hat makes no trouble at the religious meetings of the Omish, the Dunkards, and the Mennonites, so thickly settled in this part of eastern Pennsylvania. Babies, little girls, big girls and women all wear caps. The black silk hoods are taken off and hung up in the vestibules of the meeting house. The women and girls sit on one side and the men on the other. The caps are of thin white material, snug fitting, doubled and creased once on the back, with a small ruffle in front, and are severely plain all the way through. All caps are made on the same pattern for young and old. No woman can look at another's cap and think that it is higher priced or better than her own. There is no millinery envy, and no one sitting behind a sister can complain of an obstructed view of the pulpit.

So with the gowns of the women and girls. All are severely plain, of dark green, brown, gray or black. The gowns are made as they vere fashioned a century ago. A black silk handkerchief serves for a shoulder cape, Vshaped, front and back. No gloves are seen The little girls are as plainly gowned. Occasionally a child may be seen in a purple or lavenderdress. Some of the boys have purple suits. The men all wear wide-brimmed black wool

hats. The hats are hung up upon a standing rack in the vestibule. Their garments are all made by the tailor of their sect, without buttons. Hooks and eyes are used, and there are no collars to coats or waistcoats. The hair is worn long summer and winter, and cut off squarely behind, exposing very little of the neck. Throat beards are worn among the old men, chin whiskers among the middle aged. but moustaches never. To-morrow is communion Sunday among the

keeping up the old custom of meeting at farmouses, as was done hundreds of years ago, before churches were built in America. Omish farmers and their families come driving for miles to meeting. All their vehicles are of the same pattern-an ordinary spring wagon, top covered with gray or drab cloth, and drawn by a strong horse with farm harness. No whip is shown. Arriving at the farm where Sunday meeting is to be held a half dozen men are ready to assist to unhitch and feed the horses. The wagons stand in a row and the horses are stailed in the large and commodious stables in the double-decker barns owned by these patient and industrious farmers. In the farmhouse ample preparations were made on Friday and Saturday. The Omish maid servants of a half dozen farms in the neighborhood were sent to the meeting place to assist in getting things ready, for all communicants must be fed. The women and children remove their black slik bonnets or hoods and sit in one room; the men sit in another communicating room. The two or three Bishops of the neighborhood stand between.

The elders sit by themselves, strong-faced men, every one, with long, white hair and white throat beards, looking like patriarchs of old. They carry their ages remarkably well, these elders, considering the hard farm work they do. Every one is able to arise and deliver a common-sense address, if called upon. A group of elderly Omish pillars of the Church forms an ideal Biblical picture, so remarkable are these faces for strength, purity and patriarchal resemblance. The Bishop has long white hair, clean-shaven face and throat beard. His apparel is similar to that of the other brethren. Reading of Scriptures, prayers, and sermons are in the Pennsylvania German.

The preparatory service is a very strict coremony, involving investigation of character and standing. All members in good standing must partake of the sacrament. To be fitted for this each member must arise at the preparatory service and declars his fitness, that he has repented of his sins is heartily sorry for his misdoings, forgives every one who has sinned against him, and asks for forgiveness from those he has sinned against. If any one in the congregation has a charge to make against any one else, or is unsatisfied with a brother's statement, he can arise and state his grievances with a view to a satisfactory adjustment then and there.

After shown. Arriving at the farm where Sunday ready to assist to unhitch and feed the horses

accept entertainment unless they could return it. Some who could afford it thought a meeting house was proper for all concerned; they said times were changing, and the Omish custom should change also. The result was that those who had large farms kept together and maintain the house worship, while the others built meeting houses. Some Junkards and Mennonites have meeting houses with kitchens and dining rooms attached, and serve bountful meals upon all important occasions.

During these reaping days the harvest sermons are very important, the prayers being just as earnest and devout with wheat at tideents a bushel as when it was \$1.35 last year about this time. Some Omish farmers who never sell wheat until a certain time refused last year \$1.50 for their wheat and held it until their regular season for selling and got only its cents. They have their regular set ways in meeting and in business.

The proachers or Bishops are chosen from among the congregation. When there is a vacancy the names of the candidates are placed in so many Bibles. One Bible is drawn, and the name it contains is that of the Bishop or preacher. At other places a slip of paper is put into one of the Bibles and the Bibles are distributed. Whoever draws the Bible with the perparase himself for a discourse one every two weeks. He is generally at Omishman.

well grounded in the faith; a man of good common sense; honest, industrious and possessing a thorough knowledge of the Bible. His sermons are not metaphysical, of course, but consist of every-day Christian lessons drawn from Biblical stories and narratives. The Omish spend nearly all these October Sundays in giving thanks for the harvests. They marry only of their kind, and nearly all are related. Idleness is not encouraged. If a rich farmer has no work for one of his sons or daughters, he or she is hired out to some Omish family, rich or poor, in need of farm or household help. All are raised to work and to become strict members of the Church. If any marry outside the fold and become careless and forgetful and disregard the Omish dress and customs, they are dropped by the others. If an Omish farmer marries a girl not Omish she may be received into the sect, and at once puts on the cap and habit and wears it always, at home or abroad. Men are received in the same way, but they are held to strict account and must be thoroughly known and converted. This is also the rule in the admission of women. It is very rare that outriders are taken into the fold, owing to the strictness of the requirements. They never go to law, take no part in local elections, have no desire for local political affairs, but in national questions or in Presidential elections they have considerable concern. They avoid local contests, not desiring to have the ill will of any faction. Their great object is to offend no one.

BEARS MEET SUDDEN DEATH. A Bullet Apiece the Latest Colorado Quotation for Lots of Three.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 3.-From the upper Huerfano comes a story which shows how easy bear justice to the bears, it should be stated that wo of them were youngsters.

Robert Elton found bear signs a few days ago. and suggested to his wife that it might not be a bad idea to go out and kill a few just by way of practice and incidentally to add a little bear meat to the supply in the larder. Mrs. Elton said that nothing would suit her better. Rifles were put in order, and the couple soon struck the trail. Mrs. Elton carried a .30-calibre gun. Omish. Last Sunday was preparatory service. light, accurate, and of fine pattern, while the shooting iron of her husband was of heavier pattern. They went to the bluffs at the head of a little stream that is tributary to the Huer-

pattern. They went to the bluffs at the head of a little stream that is tributary to the Huerfano. They accreted themselves, and were rewarded by seeing three bears, an old one and two young ones, walking down the guich. It was a sight for an old hunter to gloat over, but one to throw a green hunter into a panic, Mr. and Mrs. Elton lost no time in gloating, Mr. Elton raised his ritle to his shoulder and the old bear fell. Mrs. Elton, not to be behind him, took a hand in the killing, and the hind-quarters of the second bear adorn a peg in the Elton smokehouse. Her accurate a sim aroused the professional pride of Mr. Elton and one bullet from his trusty Winchester caded the brief orphanage of the third bear. Three bears in a single day with only three rife bullets is a record not often equalled, and the odds were such as few women and not many men would dars to face. While a bear will run away from a man if he can, he is an ugly creature to deal with when cornered or wounded.

From Tulford, Eagle county, comes a story, unaccompanied by affidavits, to the effect that all hunting records thereabouts have been broken by Harry Williams, whose accuracy of aim is such as to impel belief in the story, when Williams is around. He and Nathan Smithee bords in the sum and gone out to scare up some grouse. Instead of grouse he ran directly into an old bear and two yearlings, and while Smithee had any three rifle cartridges, but he made a bullseye each time, and as a result has an abundant supply of bear meat. Some envious persons have auggested that Mr. Williams came to the rescue. He had only three rifle cartridges, but he made a bullseye each time, and as a result has an abundant supply of bear meat. Some envious persons have auggested that Mr. Williams came out the fact that Mr. Williams had only three cartridges is put forward by his friends as sufficient answer to the charge.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN NEGROES. Two Other Colored Men Who Were Brought

READING, Pa., Oct. 8 .- " One of the most unusual experiences I have ever had," said a commercial traveller, "occurred two days ago n Lebanon county. I met a number of colored men, women and children who spoke nothing but German. Before the day was around I met at least fifty colored people who spoke German. And when it came to speaking English they were not at all at their case. I asked how this came about, and was told that the colored people came, twenty, thirty and forty years ago, up from the South and settled among the quiet Pennsylvania German farmers of the Blue Mountain districts. The colored children grew up on the farms, where they worked and heard nothing but German spoken. They soon forgot nearly all the English they knew and now they rarely speak anything but German. Their children go to English country schools in winter, but as quickly as they are out of sight of their teacher they begin to talk the German dialect, and nothing else. I have been told that in recent years in Germany colored people speaking the language can be found in numbers, but they also speak English. These Pennsylvania German negross of whom I speak use absolutely nothing but the German is their ordinary affairs of life. They are good farmers, live on Fennsylvania German cooking and have all the habits and customs of the Germans.

"Here in Reading I have just met a smart, intelligent, middle-aged black man, whose name is Solomen Williams, and who belongs to the Jewish Church. He says he knows only one other colored Jew. a man named Moses Varns of New York. Both speak German quite well. Williams's parents were servants in a wealthy Hebrew family in New York. He was named Solomen, and was brought up according to the Jewish faith. He observes all the Hebrew religious customs. His friend Varns was named Solomen, and was brought up according to the Jewish faith. He observes all the Hebrew religious customs. His friend Varns was named Solomen, and was brought up according to the Jewish faith. He observes all the Hebrew religious customs. His friend Varns was named Solomen speaks German quite well. The other day I read in The Sun of a black man arrested in Hew Tork who had a right treated in Hew Tork who had a right treated in the same conditions. I have heard of another colored Jew in Philadelphia, who also speaks German quite well. The They soon forgot nearly all the English they